



Rehearsal Dinner

written by BA Culture, Criticism and Curation

Central Saint Martins
Granary Building
1 Granary Square
Kings Cross
London
N1C 4AA

June 20-25, 2017

MANIFESTO

Rehearsal dinner is the culmination of the past 8 months of efforts undertaken by the graduating class of 2017 on the **BA Culture, Criticism and Curation** course at Central Saint Martins. It stems from the tension between three years of research-based inquiries and the current expectations of us as cultural producers.

The institution of which we are a part of emphasises the product as the cornerstone of artistic practice. Yet, our practice as cultural critics and curators is formed through multiplicity, contradiction and development, with no concrete outcome necessarily in sight. **Rehearsal dinner** is hence set up as a communal dining space, as a test for the real thing and as a confrontation of the degree show format itself. Texts will be discussed, movements recorded, scripts rehearsed, content and waste produced, whilst the remainders and leftovers will be configured as proposed art objects.

The exhibition is organised around a programme of meals, where food and conversation will be shared over six days. The daily staging of two meals at 12-2PM and 5-7PM facilitates workshops, discussions, film screenings, rehearsals, talks, and reading groups. Each day will be dedicated to a particular theme proposed by a particular script that has been written for a performance which may never take place.

Rehearsal dinner unsettles what is expected or designated as the 'exhibition', instead privileging the bringing together, both literally and metaphorically, of divergent viewpoints. While intentionally configured to be loose, the themes proposed centre around notions of border territories and their reevaluation. It explores ideas of translation and its discordance; the rituals and politics of rhetoric; enabled and excluded movement; the fetishisation of protest and the restrictions placed on the location of the self through representational photography. Film footage of previously occurred meals will also be screened in the space, accompanying the physical remains of what has been produced by the meal before. In effect, the room will be constantly reconfigured and renegotiated between process and result on a continuous loop.

The space may, or may not, culminate in a 'display'. Ultimately, **Rehearsal dinner** foregrounds the process as product, and in doing so it negotiates our place within the larger institution with unmitigated integrity, questioning the very notion of our position as cultural producers.

REHEARSAL DINNER MENU

Starter

Screening of Défilé.....20June
Cluster and queues of people, a dialog with a splash of wine

Main

An Unfinished Model for Problem Communication.....21June
Translation served on the tablecloth of performance

Politics and the English Language.....22June
Emotional performance, political speech under a bed of media

Mirror, Fragment, Passion, Home.....23June
Dish made of silence, translation, fragments and passion

Appropriating Protest.....23June
Protest and contemporary consumer, served cold

Photomaton.....24June
Self-portrait with photography and surrealism

Dessert

Crit/Debrief.....25June
Curation, production with a sauce of CCC student questions

SCHEDULE*

Scene 1: Défilé

June 20

12-2 PM Performance Workshop

5-7 PM Screening

Scene 2: An Unfinished Model for Problem Communication

June 21

12-2 PM Performance and Translation Workshop
5-7 PM Translation as Social Practice Discussion

Scene 3: Politics and the English Language

June 22

12-2 PM Performance
5-7 PM Radio Dinner Theatre

Scene 4: Mirror, Fragment, Passion, Home & Appropriating Protest

June 23

12-2 PM Performance and Workshop
5-7 PM Appropriating Protest Discussion

Scene 5: Photomaton

June 24

12-2 PM Discussion and Surrealist Games

Scene 6: Crit

June 25

12-2 PM Final Discussion

*SCREENINGS EVERY DAY

DAY 1

TODAY'S SPECIALS:

Lunch
12-2PM

Workshop

Dinner
5-7PM

Screening of the workshop

'DÉFILÉ' IS A WORKSHOP WHICH ACTIVATES THE PHYSICAL SPACE, THROUGH TRACING BODILY MOVEMENT AND LINE.

THE WORD "DEFILE" IN FRENCH IS A DOUBLE ENTENDRE, MUCH LIKE THE FUNCTION OF THE EMBASSY, REFERRING TO BOTH THE MILITARY MARCH AND THE FASHION SHOW.

EMPLOYING VARYING DRAWING TECHNIQUES, PARTICIPANTS WILL MAP THEIR MARCHES: FATHOMING THEIR PRESENCE WITHIN THE SPACE AND LEAVING AN ABSTRACT NETWORK OF EXPERIENCE.

DRAWN UPON PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, 'DÉFILÉ' SHEDS LIGHT ON THE DIFFERENT LAYERING OF MEANING ASSOCIATED WITH SPACE, THE BUREAUCRACY AND REGULATIONS DICTATING OUR SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR AND FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT, AND THE PARADOXICAL FORMATIONS OF QUEUES AND CLUSTERS OF PEOPLE IN DIFFERENT CONTEXTS WHICH ARE OFTEN SUBVERTED FOR POLITICAL AND CONSUMERIST PURPOSES.

THEMES:

POLYSEMY OF SPACE

COMMODIFICATION OF PROTEST

DISCIPLINED BODIES

EXTRA TOPPINGS:
BA CCC STUDENTS

EXTRA TOPPINGS:
PRIVATE VIEW

DÉFILÉ 1

On the tube, John sits. Dressed in a navy-suit, it is a warm, March day and the air sticks. He screws his face up, thinking about the week ahead in Japan. Meetings, dinners and karaoke with the Japanese, for the 32nd time. This year, the itinerary shifted, a flight to Shanghai to peruse potential stores, an unnecessary addition to the already long trip, but needs must. He takes in a tube-recycled-air-gasp and thinks about the phone call earlier:

John: I'm wondering if you may help me, I'm enquiring about my passport, it's with you but-

Operator: We are very busy and cannot provide such information over the phone

(THE PHONE CUTS OUT)

On a wide street, near Hyde Park, John briskly walks. White stucco buildings reflect the sunlight and it would be a peaceful, serene scene but on approaching the Chinese embassy, loud shouts and banners jab the air. Protestors are crying out, chanting about human-rights abuses. John struggles to get in, masses of people surround the area.

Security Guard: No chance mate, sorry not today

John: Please! I need my passport, I fly to Japan tomorrow and it's been with the embassy for weeks.

Security: You're better off going to another Visa application centre

A little disgruntled, a little panicked, John once again sits on a tube. He sprawls across the city in a desperate attempt to reclaim his passport. He thinks briefly how bizarre it is, that this big trip, which has taken weeks of planning, swings on a document.

He enters the Visa application building. He queues for 2 hours, trying to retain a level of calm but noisily grinding his teeth all the same.

Officer: Sorry Sir but your passport appears to be at the embassy, all ready to be stamped, but you can't access it right now.

Hands in the air, disbelief! It all swings down then, and a week of Video conferences await. John walks out of the building, its grey interiors sag.

On the train home, he thinks of the stucco buildings, their symbolic power. And a little laugh erupts from within, for at the Chinese embassy he saw protest, he felt disempowered. He laughed, for it contrasted dramatically with his only other embassy experience: a fashion show at the British embassy in Paris.

DÉFILÉ 2

Meaning: Fashion show and march in French

Performance length: Approximately 20 minutes

Within an empty, stark glass room, layered antique rugs are the only hint of decoration. They create paths, overlapping motifs of worldly stories: woven words of anonymous cultures. The room could be anywhere or nowhere. Everywhere or somewhere.

A line of ten people enters the room. They are dressed in drab, grey suits, too big for them. The type of corporate attire which does nothing for any of their complexions.

The lights are white.

The people are slouching, folding arms, impatiently queuing in a line, which slowly progresses into a snaking path around the room.

Sound plays all the while, it is a continuous soundtrack of dull, quiet humming: annoying and agitating, it evokes the feeling of being in a queue.

This continues for around five minutes, the ever-slowly progressing queuing.

Softer lighting is then introduced, and the hum becomes layered with a pulsating and trendier melody.

Another ten enter the room: they are dressed in striking, intricate garments, which contrast dramatically with the drab suits of the previous ten.

They begin their défilé, a strut around the rugged paths. They strongly stride and pose, it is a gross juxtaposition.

Another five minutes pass until the music reveals yet another layer. Angry jabs and shouts permeate the room and the lighting shifts from harsh to soft, back and forth.

The final ten enter: an Angry mob holding banners aloft, without text, theirs is protest of who knows what. All wear white, and energetically, move around the paths.

All occurring now, simultaneously, the scene within the once stark room is chaos.

The embassy can be anything, something, nothing, everything. It is a shifting site, a multi-dimensional march. A layered story, so loaded it becomes lost.

The music and lights stop, and the people mix, breaking the lines and formulating one crowd.

DÉFILÉ 3

A geometric mass of concrete and glass: the school is a transient box filled with traces of identities and egos which permeate the space and then depart.

A cube within a cube: the glass is thick and you can see right through, the concrete thick and solid.

Visitors are dispersed in the space amongst arranged objects. They hold glasses of wine aloft.

Outside the box, a short line of ten people has formed. They are wearing drab, long duster coats too big for them. Their faces are concealed.

They open the door and look around. Slowly they meander into the room, bad posture, slumped, sighing heavily. There is the kind of tension which manifests and projects. One marks out X's on the floor in masking tape.

The ten spread out into the crowd, still formed in some sort of line and begin loudly tutting and sighing. One impatiently says "When is the performance starting?" This has lasted for about two minutes.

All of the sudden, one of the ten cries out in a military manner "DÉFILÉ!" and all change their stance, becoming rigid and upright.

For the next two minutes, the ten snake around the room in a military march. Once more "DÉFILÉ!" is cried out in unison, to signal the end of the march.

The ten relax their posture and take out a can of Pepsi from their pockets, they open it and guzzle. They put it down and pull off their duster coats to unveil white, decorator boiler suits. They pull up the hoods over their concealed faces.

Now changed, the ten raise fists in the air and begin to all shout different things. One jabs "Live for now", another "join the conversation". Someone else cries "Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength."

This protest, snaking around the room, invasive to the visitors. It lasts two minutes until all of the raised arms drop and the ten begin to click their fingers, moving their arms to the right and humming loudly "UM UM UM UM UM UM". It is a quick tempo. It is a trendy fashion track, punchy.

The ten begin to strut around the space, a défilé, posing: it is cringey and bemusing. This continues for two minutes until the ten strut out of the room.

A site of multidimensional marching, the movement is layered and draws upon the visitor's own book of references. It is so loaded it becomes lost, it is an appropriation of protest, of military, of fashion, of queues. One thing of many things: the twisting rubix of concrete and glass.

DAY 2

TODAY'S SPECIAL:

Lunch
12-2PM

*Performance and Translation
Workshop*

WITHIN THIS DISCUSSION, THE NOTION OF TRANSLATION WILL BE TAKEN BEYOND A SIMPLE PROCESS OF EQUIVALENCE THAT WORKS TOWARDS THE HOMOGENISATION OF DIFFERENCES, BUT INTRODUCED AS A FUNDAMENTALLY DISRUPTIVE PRACTICE.

KEY TEXT:

UNIVERSALITIES IN CULTURE BY JUDITH BUTLER

SCREENING:

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROEE ROSEN BY ROEE
ROSEN

Dinner
5-7PM

Translation as social practice

WORKSHOPPING AND TRANSLATING THE SCRIPT INTO MULTIPLE LANGUAGES.

THE TRANSLATIONS WILL BE PHOTOCOPIED, PRINTED AND BOUND INTO A PUBLICATION IN THE SPACE AND ARE FREELY AVAILABLE FOR ANYONE TO TAKE.

EXTRA TOPPINGS:

KARL BAKER
ANDY MARSH

EXTRA TOPPINGS:

BA CCC STUFF

AN UNFINISHED MODEL FOR PROBLEM COMMUNICATION

There's a guy sitting down on a chair. It's either a stool or one with wheels like you find in an office. He's relaxed, but not slumped, and facing the audience, but maybe at a bit of an angle. A girl is standing up, leaning against the back wall. Both only address the audience, rarely facing one another, but their two narrative strands move in and around each other, sometimes colliding. He begins speaking.

Guy: (TO AUDIENCE)

It's difficult to know where to start, really

Girl:

I can't remember where it was from, or who sung it, or even if they sung it right.

Sometimes it was just to lighten the mood.

(HE SHRUGS)

It never failed to bring about a smile.

Sometimes I'd do it to say that everything would be better,

sometimes it was just an attempt to convey all the mixed up feelings I was having.

It was weird,

sometimes I felt I had to say

something,

as if some kind of intensity moved me to speak.

I guess I hoped that the words wouldn't matter as long as I was saying it right.

In the end, it lost all real meaning. It's like when you repeat a word over and over until it sounds like not a real word anymore.

I wanted to portray what was symbolic, you know?

or when you stare at someone's eyebrows for too long and you realise how strange they are, wriggling away in some illogical area of the face.

(HE STANDS UP)

I remember there was this line of a song. I think it something like..

(HE PAUSES, CLEARS THROAT)

(TO AUDIENCE)

I had a friend once who was always reading a book on Christopher Columbus and Jorge Luis Borges.

(PAUSES, SHIFTS BODYWEIGHT)

They told me this story about a city, but this city was made up of water pipes.

(GUY STARTS SINGING SOFTLY, TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE BUT TO HIMSELF. GIRL CARRIES ON SPEAKING)

Guy:

It's only yoooooooooou
Oh it's only yoooooooooou
It's only youu
Oh its only youuuuuuu

It's only yoooooooooou
Oh it's only yoooooooooou
It's only youu
Oh its only youuuuuuu
ETC.

Girl:

Instead of houses, curls of piping rose up
vertically
and instead of floors the pipes spread out
horizontally.
At the end of each pipe were white
bathrooms, in which women could be glimpsed
in bathtubs and under showers.
These women, apparently, were nymphs,
so the city was made out of pipes because
pipes are the best way for the nymph-
women to travel around.

My friend was recounting this from something they had read, of course, but it had got them thinking, and they wanted to ask me about it.

(AT THIS POINT, GUY STOPS SINGING)

They said,

'Don't you think that within each of us, another, even more complex city exists; the system of veins, vessels and arteries around which blood circulates; a city with neither taps, nor apertures, nor drainage pipes, only an endless channel whose constant return consolidates the 'I' we hope might save us from the fatal scattering of our identity across the Universe. We all bear inside ourselves a desert, something immobile; **(SHORT PAUSE)** a period of time that has mineralized, at a standstill. Hence the 'I' may consist of an immovable hypothesis, one assigned to us at birth and that until the last, we're seeking to demonstrate, unsuccessfully.'

(TO AUDIENCE)

Isn't it weird that the only words we could share with each other came to mean so many different things?

I've always thought that as soon as you articulate anything you're feeling it never comes out right. Well that's the case for me, anyway. I was never any good at saying stuff as I meant it, or pinning down my thoughts into language. I would always use a thousand meaningless words where I could've chosen the correct ones and only used a few.

It was as if what the words actually were didn't matter anymore. That line has been running round and around in my head for so long it had lost all context and content.

It was the story about the city of pipes that made me think it would all work out, to be honest.
(PAUSE)

Of course, I tried out some different vehicles for my feelings, too.

We needed a mediator

a go-between

a third party.

Though, I'm not sure where the idea of Google Translate came in...

me neither, but it was useful, in a way

I guess because it's a mirror image, words without the intonation.

(HAPPILY)

I remember there were so many times we couldn't help but fall about laughing

(TO GIRL)

can Google do a Russian accent?

No?

Well that was never gonna work out, then

(TO AUDIENCE)

I was trying to show them a particular passage, my favourite part,
but it would never come out right

(EXCLAIMS, TO AUDIENCE, THROWS ARM OUT)

Very true, sir!
Got involved in a conversation,
one sitting beside him and badly dressed gentleman,

(TO GUY, PLEADING)

No, that isn't right!

(CONTINUES AS IF HASN'T HEARD HER)

- something like a warped in officer,
in his forties, heavy build,
with a red nose and pimple face -
very true, sir, but all Russian forces in vain to his translation!

(TO AUDIENCE)

I was trying to convey what was hidden, like the repeated line of a song

Not what the words were but their charisma, in the gaps of a page or between the
breaths of someone speaking

(TURNS SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM AUDIENCE, HER BACK TO GUY)

It's because my friend taught me that we're always trying to demonstrate the 'I', or
what may constitute our 'selves', unsuccessfully.

(HE PONDER SLOWLY)

Yo-u kno-w, I've always thought people who translate books – well, that's an art.

maybe because we didn't have to demonstrate ourselves in any *normal* way I could share myself in a way beyond words or anything

To translate a book but retain the same meaning and feeling and emotion, it's artistic.

we could move out and around each other and feel out different paths of communication

I think that's why I felt pretty uncomfortable giving *our* conversations over to something else, something that couldn't interpret. It felt like there was this huge space that opened up where some kind of slippage took place, that was full of twists and turns but is also completely flat and empty.

(BOTH PAUSE, MOVE AROUND EACH OTHER, SLOWLY, NEVER LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER)

(GUY TURNS ROUND TO GIRL, EXCITED, AS IF TO ASK HER SOMETHING)

I heard something once about the way broadband network works.

Oh yeh?

Yeh, it's not up in the sky but buried under the ground. In North America, the potential for fibre optic broadband is just waiting there. The promise of swifter e-commerce, real-time video-casts, and networking between companies is all there, but it hasn't become a reality yet. The many miles of tangled cables waiting to connect people with each other lies buried just beneath the city's pavements.

So all that potential is just lying there?

Yeh, do you see?

But that doesn't solve our problem. There's a difference between connection and communication.

But wouldn't the first step be a bringing together, a reaching out, before some of understanding?

Maybe...

maybe my friend was misinformed about there being no apertures

It's about letting stuff *in*, and realising that they're just *below*

The story of the nymphs, there was something that bugged me. What happens if someone else came to visit that place. Surely they would flail and drown in the pipes of water and shrivel with the excess moisture

The letting *in* is what dislodges that immovable 'I' you were on about

(TO AUDIENCE)

There's this place in Shepherds Bush that's cut off from its surroundings. It's made out of renewable building resources and it's 100 metres tall and about twice as many people live there. You have to get a digital pass or code to get in. And once you're inside, well... I guess there's no real need to leave again. You have everything catered for. There's even a nightclub, which plays Eastern European dance music and I've heard is pretty good. There's allotments where you can grow your own veg, there's a swimming pool, a gym, places to eat and drink, and a big play park right in the centre for kids. You can have Tex Mex, Chinese, Fish and Chips, Indian, Thai, tapas, Italian, Vietnamese or traditional Hungarian food any night of the week, it's all at your fingertips. And that list isn't exhaustive. People are pretty happy there. The most important daily news for them is what is going on inside their building, they don't really need to concern themselves with what is going on outside. And I don't blame them, to be honest, I don't really have much affinity with the borders that constitute me as a biological human being, let alone the ones that constitute my country.

It's like the complex system underneath my skin that my friend was telling me about

(WHIRLS ROUND TO GIRL)

It's its own place, with---in something else.

No that's not right, because it's a place cut off from its surroundings, so how could they possibly coexist? The city of pipes is only for nymph-women, no one else

(FASTER)

But it's the existence of them both which is important, underneath one another

(FASTER)

But they keep pushing and pulling against each other, that's why
I can't demonstrate this

(FASTER)

But it's like you said, its beyond content or words or anything literal like that, it's about what's removed and left over

(FASTER)

But it can't work out, when you think about it practically,
they'll always be in conflict with each other

But the potential is all there, agency is in the *excess*

(A LITTLE DESPERATELY)

I'll end up cutting myself off from the outside

(SHAKES HEAD, PAUSES, RUBS FOREHEAD)

But we're not getting anywhere, here

(SLOW)

But... The problem is.. it's that I'm not sure how. I don't know how to put this theory into practice, my idealism into words, so I fall back on mediation, on equivalence, and coexistence falls through

(BOTH WALK OFF STAGE AND OUT OF THE ROOM, ABRUPTLY, WITHOUT ACKNOWLEDGING THAT THE PERFORMANCE HAS ENDED)

References:

Nocilla Dream, Agustín Fernández Mallo
Invisible Cities, Italo Calvino
The Idiot, Fyodor Dostoyevsky
Words Beyond Grammar, Boris Groys
The Book of Imaginary Beings, Jorge Luis Borges

DAY 3

TODAY'S SPECIAL:

Lunch
12-2PM

Performance and Workshop

THE PERFORMANCE WILL UTILISE GEORGE ORWELL'S TEXT *POLITICS AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE*, IN ORDER TO UNPACK THE WAYS IN WHICH LANGUAGE IS USED IN CONTEMPORARY MEDIA.

THE ELEMENTS EXPLORED:

DYING METAPHORS

OPERATORS OR VERBAL FALSE LIMBS

PRETENTIOUS DICTION

MEANINGLESS WORDS

EXTRA TOPPINGS:

CALLI LAYTON
HÅKON LILLEGRAVEN
DASHA LABKOVICH
KATY KIM

Dinner
5-7PM

Radio Dinner Theatre

EXPANDING ON OUR FOUR CRITERIA OF LANGUAGE, WE WILL BE COLLABORATING WITH *CSM RADIO*, *EMERGING CONTEXTS*, TO CREATE A LIVE RADIO PRODUCTION.

THE PROGRAMME WILL BE A MEDITATION ON LANGUAGE AND THE DEVELOPMENTS WHICH WE HAVE MADE IN THE LUNCH SESSION.

EXTRA TOPPINGS:

ELLIOT BURNS
JAKE CHARLES REES
TOMMASO RUSSO

"BILL O'REILLY VS. CORNEL WEST & A COMMUNIST"

Bill O'Reilly: Yesterday a full page ad in the New York Times called the country a potential Fascist state and urged resistance to President-Elect Trump. Some of those signing the ad, the actors Michael Shannon, Debra Messing, Ed Asner, also Rosie O'Donnell. Joining us now in New York City, two other men who signed the ad, Carl Dix, founding member of the Revolutionary Communist Party USA, and Dr. Cornel West, Professor at Harvard University. So Doctor West, I've known you a long time, and you're not willing to give Trump a chance? You don't want to see him, maybe for six months, just see what he does, you're not willing to do that?

Cornel West: I'm just afraid of the danger and the damage he's already talked about, and when we talk about Fascism we're not just talking about an isolated individual as President. We're talking about a strong man, narcissistic personality, tied to big business, tied to big military, possibility of war, and slices of big media, because we know money itself plays a fundamental role in corporate media, that allows him to too often get away with not enough accountability.

BO: Well, well why don't you, alright - well that's your point of view, you're worried about him -

CW: It's not my point of view it's a matter of truth, what's true and what's not true -

BO: Well if it were true, he wouldn't have been elected

CW: The populous will vote for a Fascist, Hitler was elected.

BO: Why not give him a chance to see what he will do? For a few months anyway, why not do that?

Carl Dix: People gave Hitler a chance and we saw what that meant for humanity. And with Donald Trump, look at what we're looking at, Muslim registry, wall on the border with Mexico, law and order which is code word for unleashing harsher repression against Black and Latino people. Also a disregard for dissent and civil liberties, people who burn the flag, which is protected political speech, going to jail and losing their citizenship, his opponent in the election being threatened with jail, reporters who were critical of him having to hire security. This is not only a program that's Fascist but an approach that will suffocate the room in society to oppose those (inaudible) which is why we're calling on people to act and to stop this regime before it gets started.

BO: But again, all of those things - wait wait wait, you had a chance, you had a chance to stop it on election day and it didn't work out in your way, well me - I want everybody to be fair. Fair. Alright? I don't think you have any historical context to compare Donald Trump to Hitler, I mean Hitler had a record, from 1927 on, of violence.

CD: So does Donald Trump.

BO: No, he has no record of violence.

CD: What about the full page ad calling for the execution of the Central Park Five, that he did in 1990? Five young men who were framed, who he still believes should be in jail.

BO: That is rhetoric not violence. You have to go on what happens, not on what is being said. Look, you're a Communist right? You're a Communist.

CD: Yes, I'm a representative of the Revolutionary Communist Party, I tell people that.

BO: But I don't condemn you because you're a Communist. I don't do that, I wait and see what you Mr. Nix (sic) do, what you do. Not that (indistinguishable) Stalin was a Communist -

CD: What I'm doing now is calling on people.

BO: You're calling on people to do what?

CD: To come out into the streets to manifest their anguish, fear, and outrage and everything that Donald Trump represents.

BO: And what are they gonna do in the streets? What do you want them to do in the streets?

CD: Protest, non-violent civil disobedience -

BO: Non-violent? Like just with signs and stuff?

CD: Church congregations to hold vigils, with candles, whatever form they want to do it.

BO: So that's what you both want you want? A mass display.

CW: We want a moral, spiritual awakening that focuses on poor and working people, on women, on Mexicans, on Muslims, those that have been demeaned by Trump and others (inaudible)

BO: And if that does not materialise -

CW: On undocumented immigrants, we will defend them, we will defend women ...

BO: If your vision does not materialise, which I don't think its going to -

CD: Oh we'll see if it materialises.

BO: Alright, but if it doesn't, what's the next step?

CW: We continue the struggle.

BO: The struggle for what?

CW: For truth and justice, my brother!

BO: So you come on programs like this and you give your opinion, that's fine, but is there any other element?

CW: But it's not just opinion, there are people suffering, working people are suffering, poor people are suffering, women are suffering, black people are suffering, brown people are suffering ...

BO: But Trump promised to bring in more jobs to alleviate the suffering -

CW: But he already betrayed working people by bringing in Wall Street and Goldman Sachs.

BO: Oh but that's just rhetoric.

CD: The promise of jobs -

BO: But he's not president yet!

CD: The promise of jobs does not excuse embracing a Muslim registry.

BO: Well, let's see if the Muslim registry happens -

CD: Bragging about sexual assault -

BO: Oh, stop!

CD: Whipping up a lynch mob atmosphere. At his rallies he said, "We should lay out these protestors, in the old days we would and I will pay your legal fees."

BO: I think you're both being unfair

CW: Unfair with what?

BO: We gotta see what he does in office, what he DOES.

CW: But he's already talked about it!

BO: Doesn't matter what he says.

DAY 4

TODAY'S SPECIAL:

Lunch
12-2PM

*Mirror, Fragment, Passion,
Home Performance and Workshop*

Dinner
5-7PM

*Appropriating Protest
Discussion based on DÉFILÉ 3*

UTILISING THE RECENTLY BANNED PEPSI
COMMERCIAL AS A STARTING POINT, THE WORKSHOP
WILL BE A SPACE IN WHICH TO DISCUSS HOW
PROTEST IS APPROPRIATED IN ORDER TO SELL
PRODUCTS AND ITS IMPLICATIONS.

THEMES:

RITUAL AND THE IDEA OF 'SACRED'

INCLUSION/EXCLUSION

DISPARITY AND UNITY

TRANSLATION

REPRESENTATION/REFLECTION

KEY QUESTIONS:

IS SHOPPING THE ONLY WAY WE EXERCISE OUR
AGENCY?

DOES PROTEST BECOME MEANINGLESS WHEN
IT IS APPROPRIATED?

EXTRA TOPPINGS:

SCREENING OF *BARAKA* (1992)
DIRECTED BY RON FRICKE

EXTRA TOPPINGS:

ROGER SABIN

MIRROR, FRAGMENT, PASSION, HOME

Go recognize shards amid the splinters, and remember what beauty there may be in me. Protect and consider your dull pieces, in whitest noise behind me, find yourself, silence yourself, lose yourself, for free. I know you. In mirror and fragment in sound and silence your echoes of passion summon you home.

Go hastily amid the placid shards, and remember what splinters there may be in beauty. Recognize your dull translation, but consider what fragments lie in that which you cannot protect. Defend yourself, in me, as I silence myself in you. In peace, in pieces of fragments of fragments of sound, I know you; in dullest noise I welcome you home.

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. Defend and protect your dull translation, but consider what beauty lies in that which you can't understand. Recognize yourself, in me, as I know myself in you. In fragments, in fragments of splinters of shards of mirror, I see you; in silence and sound I welcome you home.

Go hastily amid the placid shards, and remember what splinters there may be in beauty. Recognize your dull translation, but consider what fragments lie in that which you cannot protect. Defend yourself, in me, as I silence myself in you. In peace, in pieces of fragments of fragments of sound, I know you; in dullest noise I welcome you home.

Go recognize shards amid the splinters, and remember what beauty there may be in me. Protect and consider your dull pieces, in whitest noise behind me, find yourself, silence yourself, lose yourself, for free. I know you. In mirror and fragment in sound and silence your echoes of passion summon you home.

Recognize yourself, in me, as I know myself in you. In fragments, in fragments of splinters of shards of mirror, I see you; in silence and sound I welcome you home. Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. Defend and protect your dull translation, but consider what beauty lies in that which you can't understand.

DAY 5

TODAY'S SPECIAL:

Lunch
12-2PM

Discussion and Surrealist Games

THE SCRIPT PROPOSES QUESTIONS REGARDING
THE MEDIUM OF PHOTOGRAPHY, THE PORTRAIT,
AND THE SELF-PORTRAIT; RELATING THESE TO
SOCIAL AND OFFICIAL FORMALITIES WITH THEIR
STRICT GUIDELINES, AND HIGHLIGHTING THE
ABSURDITY OF CONTEMPORARY LIVING.

READING OF KEY TEXTS:

'RULES FOR PASSPORT PHOTOS' FROM GOV.UK

ON PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUSAN SONTAG

EXCERPT FROM
MAI SAIKUSA'S DISSERTATION

EXTRA TOPPINGS:

THE SCRIPT 'PHOTOMATON'

PHOTOMATON

The image appeared. He intended to check his haircut, but abruptly faced a headless neck. The screen had casually cropped him, to focus on his torso. She wondered what he would look like in an X-ray. But the picture he was to take on that day had to comply to very strict guidelines -it wasn't the time to do any scientific, let alone artistic, experiment. The photobooth probably didn't have that kind of technology anyway. Its curtain had a geometric brown and orange pattern, like that of the seats in old tube carriages.

He stooped awkwardly to fit in the frame. First smiling to himself, he remembered he had to keep a neutral expression, and his mouth closed. He also recalled the background had to be plain cream or light grey. He thought the vinyl behind his head rather qualified as an unbleached beige and wondered if that would be an issue.

Reviewing the first shot, he entertained the thought of it headlining a column about juvenile delinquency. But there was numbness, rather than arrogance in his eyes. Petrified by the camera, he could have been an animal caught in the lights of a car on a country lane.

He remembered the essay by Susan Sontag he had read the same morning. She explained the primitive fears that people had of photography at its inception. They thought it could rob them of a layer of themselves. It seemed naive.

Yet it wasn't fair, he thought, that the stunned junkie facing him would get to represent him until 2027. After all, only if he bore the very same expression would he be authorized to travel. He was bothered that what was initiated as a compulsory practicality would now enshrine his blandness in an official document. The whole endeavour impeded any change, growth, evolution. Even if they happened, he would regularly have to morph back into the sluggish teenager; from now on his only acceptable avatar.

Fighting his natural tendency to dramatise his everyday, he remembered he just had to press a button to take a second shot, which would open a whole new world of possibilities, enabling him to fashion himself for the times to come. He decided to cheat, just a bit, and to light up his neutral expression with a wise look emanating from the eyes.

The result was the same, albeit for a slightly enhanced pupillary dilation.

He still had another shot. One shot. To seize everything he ever wanted to be. In one moment. But he was only dreading that he would make it worse. Close his eyes. Sneeze. Squint. Blink. On the other hand, if he didn't take it, the potential would remain untapped. The opportunities endless.

DAY 6

TODAY'S SPECIAL:

Lunch
12-2PM

Final Crit

QUESTIONS:

HAVE WE PRODUCED ART OBJECTS
OR A DEGREE SHOW?

HOW MUCH DID WE PRODUCE?

HOW MUCH WASTE WAS PRODUCED?

WHAT HAVE WE LEARNED?

ARE WE READY TO PRACTICE
AS CURATORS ON THE OUTSIDE?

EXTRA TOPPINGS:

BA CCC STUDENTS

MA CCC STUDENTS



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SCENE 5

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SCENE 6

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